

nals in basketball and lost. The furloughers were. Marney Lowell, David Allen, Gail Rowe, Carey Garner, Ralph Hoffman and Clarence Stuart . . . David Rockwell is also taking up trumpet. What's all about? . . . Mrs. Eugenia Possien is leaving February 7th for California to see her grand- and her great-grand-children. Have a good time. . . Pvt. Stephen and Aline Riggs are the proud parents of Aline Della who arrived on January 5th. Aline suffered a pre-natal fall and went through a critical period, and Steve was called on an emergency leave. We hope all dangers passed and all are rejoicing in the new birth. . . The mother of Dr. Wm. Zeuch passed away on January 1st at the ripe old age of 80; suddenly, at Hopkinton, Iowa. Even if a person does die at such a great age, one hates to see the passing. Dr. Zeuch who was formerly the Organic director, is now educational director of the CIO and also director of the Red Cross in Mobile county. . . A great time is enjoyed by the Wm. Stuer- sel family when Herman, RM 1-c arrived on a furlough from the Aleutians and wife with little son from Indiana. Have a good time, Herman. . . Speedy recovery wishes are extended to Mrs. Kirby Wharton. . . Mr. Novak organized a band and Jimmy Lowell an Orchestra, now, all musical people of the Organic are in it, which includes Edna Rockwell, Eloise and Tommy Nichols and others. They sure are keeping themselves busy, what with home work, opposite sex dates, music, folk dancing and what not! Such ambition! . . . Say, y'all, I'm keeping my eyes crossed that you may get to go to Philadelphia to participate in the folk festival. . . We hear that Edna Rockwell writes daily to Cyril Brennan, now, what does that exactly mean?

AS FOR MYSELF

Since all news is still "Xmassy" I, too, will add more. As previously said, my holiday was the happiest one in a long time. Of all places! No one can ever tell where happiness can be found. Among the great many cards and gifts, one that gave me a rare thrill, was a long scroll of many letters pasted together and written by various folk-ways organizations the country over. The scroll was topped by an envelope of \$55.00. But the letters were most friendly, the type that raise lumps in your throat. My sincere thanks to the Folk Festival group of Philadelphia and to all participants for this demonstration. Also, special thanks to the Woman's Council of the International Inst. of Philadelphia, to Naujienos (Lith. Daily News) of Chicago and to the hostesses of the Service Men's Center of Mobile. And to everyone of you readers and pals. It is you who made my holiday season the happiest one.

Christmas day itself was a beauty! 70 degrees warm! It gave me great satisfaction realizing that Chicago shivered at 7 below and here I walked about in my shirt sleeves admiring narcissus and japonicas in bloom.

On January 20th was a year since my confinement at the sanatorium. It was some experience! And no doubt, it will prove a turning point in my life. However, I would not want to relive it again. Nor do I wish it upon any foe of mine, which I hope I have none. Tho it could have always been worse and I am grateful that it was not.

Our sanatorium is filled up again. One of the new patients is one known to many Fairhophians, Emily Russell, from Daphne (a suburb to Fairhope), who was once chosen as Queen of May. Seems if any one will want to see beauties they'll have to come to Cottage Hill for a visit, for we got them all here.

Three lengthy articles of mine appeared recently, two in Naujienos, and the other in "Vytis" (The Knight—Lith. Catholic Youth Magazine).

During the last period I was made happy with visits from Mr. and Mrs. James Gregg, Mrs. Burton Hoffman and Bob Calhoun. Lt. Marney Lowell took off some time from his furlough (and does he look grand!) and also my Fairhope mom, Mrs. Camilla Bonnell and her cousin, Mrs. C. V. Dryer. I also saw fairly often Woody Skinner. He'll be leaving soon for college and I sure will miss him, as he was one I was sure to see every once in a while.

It seems that my personal sections always contain a dismal note too. But for some no good reason, there is so much personal tragedy about me that I often wonder why I persist on remaining the grinning idiot that I am. My only full brother, Arejas Leonas, died sometime during the last two years in remote Bokhara, an Asiatic Soviet province on the Aral Sea near Afganistan. Our father departed from our midst when Ari was not yet born and I was but two-and-a-half years old, so like the rest of members of my family, he was unknown to me. My present father, tho, was flawlessly grand to us.

According to available information, my brother was hospitalized when the Germans invaded Lithuania (tho I do not know where, perhaps he was out of Lithuania then). All the sick were then evacuated and taken further into deeper Russia by the Russian authorities. He then became separated from the family and his wife whom he married but two years earlier. All track of their whereabouts is lost. One doesn't know how to react or how to feel in such cases. Even tears help no more. It is a tragic world we are living in. The only way to survive is by being cold, hard and brutal, so it seems. I know he suffered greatly of mental agony being taken away from his bride and family. I might not feel it as keenly, for I'm fairly estranged from them being away for 21 years. All I can say is "peace eternal, dear brother." However, I'll remain with plenty thoughts to haunt me.

Before closing, I'll add in a happier vein the fact that I weigh now 120 pounds. That's 10 pounds more than I ever did. Gosh. To me it seemed most impossible to weigh 120. If I would, I thought I'd roll in layers of lard. But I don't and I can still stand 15 more pounds. But I sure was tickled when I tipped the scale at 120.

Pasimatysim,
Vyts-Fin.

NOOK OF POETRY

IF DEATH'S DARK WINGS—

(To My Mother)
Pvt. Gene Wierbach

If death's dark wings around me close
As the tide of battle ebbs and flows,
I'll be steady.

For the Father in the long ago
Gave his Son, that I might know
And be ready.

Then grieve not my loving ones
War has taken other sons
Down through the years.

It is but the passing through
To other lands beyond the blue
Where there are no fears.

Knowing this, I'm proud to die
His name on my lips
My eyes to the sky.

K. P.
Pvt. Gene Wierbach

Tasks? Yes, one has a choice of three
When one is working on K. P.

Hand-scrub the tables and the floor,
Make clean the windows and the door.

Or wash the dirty pots and pans,
And flatten out the empty cans.

Or with each one's hearty wishes
You may massage the greasy dishes.

AUGO SODE SERBENTAS
(Lithuanian Folk Song)

In our orchard currants grew
Wash'd were they in morning dew,
Sprouting leaves of verdant hue.

Sprouting leaves of verdant hue,
Blossoms white—in clusters grew
Then red berries on them grew.

When the birds saw the red berry
Ho how they were gay and merry!
"We will eat this lov'ly berry."

"Oh, you birds do not be merry,
Nor need you about here tarry,
Not for you is this red berry.

"Only they will get this berry
Who fly high and glad news carry
And the sad with song make merry."

—Translated by
V. F. Bellajus.

THE PATHWAY OF LIGHT
Nann Baur

Side by side in my scrap book lay
Two clippings,
One—
"The Ashes Of A Hero"
The other—
"Feet Of Clay"
For the ashes of a hero
I ask Peace.
For us with feet of clay
The pathway of light
Dear Lord, I beseech.

YOUR COMMENT

POETRY

Dear Fin: Your poetry, your poem and the other two are good. Keep it up. I read yours several times, enjoying it each time, while most of the guys in our outfit howled with appreciation over "G-I Stew." The boy who wrote that certainly knows the army mess hall.

Cpl. James Casebere, SOE,
Dale Mabry Field, Fla.

(Pvt. Gene Wierbach, who wrote "G-I Stew," just released for print a whole collection of G-I poetry under the titles: "For Whom The Whistles Blow." It contains 25 poems. Sad and gay. Even two dedicated to the lowly latrines. Two moods of his poetry are reprinted in today's issue. Copies may be obtained through me at 50 cents per copy.—VFB). CRIMINAL!

Dear Vyts: I liked your Viltis very much. A shame that Barney Gaston had to die. It's criminal! All the terrible waste and blood and tears. I feel that I'd like to go away to some remote place and to hell with the so-called civilization. Will it ever end? I was hoping that this last Christmas would see the end of the war, at least in Europe, yet God knows how much longer it is to drag on.

Albinas J. Azukas, LYS,
Washington, D. C.

A LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Fin: Received my first Viltis and enjoyed it lots. I found myself looking forward to the next one. It arrived a couple of days ago. Viltis seems more like a letter from home than just a paper.

Cpl. Charles Jennings, SOE,
Burma.

RUSSIA AND CHRISTIANITY

Dear Vyts: Your Xmas Viltis was terrific! Really, how do you do it? I thoroughly enjoyed it. I notice you are quite religious. Further we realize that Lithuania after the war will be Soviet territory forever. (I hope not.—VFB) Do you reconcile the two? (See Nook of Thoughts—VFB) I hope you do. You don't mention anything about it.

I notice Chaplain Shaw's letter. It seems that he believes that in Christianity there is still hope for a peaceful, brotherly-love world. I absolutely reject this possibility. Not because I believe religion is wrong. I absolutely agree with my religious friends that if ALL people practiced Christianity this would be a fine world. My hobby is weight-lifting. I believe if all people practiced exercising with weights the health of the nation would skyrocket—yet, I have no hope for it. While good, it lacks the quality of "universal acceptability." So with religion. It too is a fine thing in itself, but it lacks universal acceptability. Religions are as old as the hills. Christianity is nearly 2000 years old. Never has it shown any hope of permanently banishing from this earth such people as Hitler, Goebbels, Tojo and the rest of the world disturbers. Even closer home it has failed to close and heal its own great divisions and establish peace in its own backyard. How then can I find any hope in it, to bring brotherly love if in 1900 plus years

DADDY'S GIRL



BETTY ANN KESMAN

One-and-a-half year old Betty Ann, daughter of George J. Kesman, M. M. 1-c, and Lucile Kesman from Berwyn, Ill., (Chicago suburb) is awaiting a new addition which is to make its debut any time now. Daddy is out fighting the bad little Nipps around the Philippines. George is with S. S. Marcus Island and participated in the Philippine invasion. Mr. and Mrs. are a very congenial couple and we sure hope he'll soon get a chance to join his little family.

IT'S THE TRUTH

AT LAST!

The age-old question which has been a subject of controversy, was finally determined. Scientists who are authorities in genetics and evolution have decided that the egg came first before the chicken. Now I feel relieved. If any one asks you that question you'll know what to tell them.

CONVERSATION PIECE

LAFAYETTE, Ind.—Two women complained to Police Sergt. Cecil Baker a dog was in their car and wouldn't get out. Baker removed the dog, found a tag with the name of Alvin Fay, whom Baker telephoned.

"Put the dog on the phone," Fay said, "and I'll talk to him."

The "Sarge" was dubious but obeyed. "What are you doing up there, Pat?"

Fay admonished. "Get right on home."

The dog went directly to Fay's residence.

ALL THIS AND A ROOM, TOO

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla. — Charlie Granderson sought new lodgings after someone entered his room and stole his clothing.

At another lodging house, the proprietor told him:

"The man who had this room is in jail for stealing a watch."

Charlie moved in and found his stolen clothing hanging in the jailed roomer's closet.

it has failed to prove its world-peace possibilities? That's enough of an experience for me. How can its leaders ask for more time?

S-Sgt. Louis Denov, NWUH,

Did you see how quickly I re-
covered me after my
"near" almost 2 notice
was uncor

A family with a summer cottage in a wild region in Wisconsin bought blue-berries from an Indian for many years at 50 cents per pail. This year he upped the price to one dollar.

"Why?" asked the vacationist.
"Big war someplace," replied the Indian.

Mother: "Be careful in crossing the streets, darling."

Child (assuringly): "Don't worry, mother, I always wait for the empty space to come by."

Captain: "What is the best method to prevent the disease caused by biting insects?"

Corporal: "Don't bite the insects."

A moth leads an awful life. He spends his summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit.

1st Corporal: "How old is a person born in 1915?"

2nd Corporal: "Man or woman?"

Sailor: "Come, now, seasickness has never killed anyone."

Soldier: "Oh, my! And it was only the hope of dying that has kept me alive so far."

OD: "What is general order number six?"

Rookie on guard: "Don't know."

OD: "What is general order four?"

Rookie: "Don't know."

OD: "What did the Corporal of the guard tell you?"

Rookie: "Watch out for the OD, he's a louse."

1st Soldier: "London is the foggiest place in the world."

2nd ditto: "Oh, no, it's not. I've been in a place foggier than London."

1st Soldier: "Where was that?"

2nd ditto: "I don't know where it was, it was so foggy."

Doctor examining recruit: "That's all, except the sputum test. Just expectorate in one of those little vials on that shelf at the far end of the room."

Recruit: "What d'ya mean, Doc?"

Doctor: "Spit in one of those bottles on the shelf down there at the end of the room."

Recruit: "D'ya mean all the way from here, Doc?"

A bachelor is a man who has been fortunate in his love affairs.

"Calling car! Calling car! Calling car! Come in car, you forgot your radio."

Soldier: "I hate fights. I like peace and quiet."

Sgt.: "Then why did you knock out the other private?"

Soldier: "You should have seen how nice and quiet it was then."

X Cleopatra what has you
done?